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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE GRADUATES.

I saw them beautiful, in fair array upon Commencement
Day.
Lissome and lovely, radiant and sweet,
As cultured roses, brought to their estate
By careful training. Finished and complete.
They passed in maiden grace along the aisle
Leaving the chaste white sunlight of a smile
Upon the gazing throng.
Musing, I thought upon their place as mothers of the race.

Oh there are many actors who can play
Greatly, great parts; but rare indeed the soul
Who can be great when cast for some small role;
Yet that is what the world most needs; big hearts
That will shine forth and glorify poor parts
In this strange drama, Life. Do they
Who in full dress-rehearsal pass today
Before admiring eyes, hold in their store
Those fine high principles which keep old Earth
From being only earth; and make men more
Than just mere men? How will they prove the worth
Of years of study? Will they walk abroad
Decked with the plumage of dead birds of God,
The glorious birds? And shall the lamb unborn
Be slain on altars of their vanity?
To some frail sister, who has missed the way,
Will they give Christ's compassion, or man's scorn?
And will clean manhood, linked with honest love,
The victor prove,
When riches, illy-gained, dispute the claim?
Will each guard well her husband's home and name,
Or lean down from her altitude to hear
The voice of flattery speak in her ear
Those lying platitudes, which men repeat
To listening Self Conceit?

Musing, I thought upon their place as mothers of the race,
As, beautiful, they passed in maiden grace.

Good Housekeeping, June. —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXI THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1913. NUMBER 15.

DREAM-PROPHECY.

I dreamed last night of standing amid flowers
That danced and nodded in the fragrant air.
Charmed with their grace I called and called till there
Were eager throngs all plucking from the bowers,
Each handing best to each. My dream seemed hours
While young and gray, the haggard and the fair,
Kept plucking—yet the beds grew never bare,
But faster blossomed. Human song, "Ours, ours!—
Not mine or thine, but ours!" outrang as sweet
As glee of thrushes. His dear hands flung high,
A child held roses for his sire to view;
A man wreathed poppies round his mother's feet:
"For the first time, dear heart," I heard him cry,
"Earth's gifts to all men are for me and you!"

—*James Harcourt West.*

Tufts College, Massachusetts.

UNITY is glad that Norman Hapgood obtained possession of *Harper's Weekly* rather than start another paper, for now we have a plenty, but we would have been one short without an organ for Norman Hapgood. How old associations will be reinforced by new inspirations, the sagacity, the wisdom and the culture of George William Curtis be justified in his successor.

The *Dial* commends the Brooklyn Librarian for the courage of condemning as dead wood, 4,500 of the 730,000 volumes in his charge. They are to be disposed of either by gift or sale. Has this Brooklyn librarian no bowels of compassion for these victims? He reminds us of the girl who having "got religion" was persuaded that her jewels were dragging her hellward, so made a gift of all of them to her sister.

The *Dial* is our authority for this interesting bit of Browning news. An early and rare edition of "Pauline," the earliest and least read perhaps of this poet's productions, was sold for $2,400, and the Browning love letters, the publication of which we, in common with many others, resent, were sold for the fabulous sum of $33,000. We turn without regret to our own thumb-worn copy of "Men and Women," which can be obtained for $1.50 or less.

A writer in *Collier's* from Texas says that the city man who retires to the country must make up his mind that he must spend "considerable time in learning the game." Yes, and considerable money, too. The young couple who returned to the old homestead, or in the neighborhood thereof, with the saying that they wasted two or more years and all the money they had in Texas or the Dakotas, underestimate the value of that which they secured in lieu of their money and their time, namely: their experience. That was an asset which had they hung on, would bring them competency, a home of their own, and maybe to the man, or the woman perchance, a seat in the State legislature, twenty years hence.

"A little insistence of Time's Revenges" is what the *Dial* calls the two interesting episodes in the life of John Fiske. While an undergraduate he was summoned before the faculty under the double charge of having been found reading a book in church instead of listening to the sermon, and the "accumulated evidences of his conversion to Darwinism." He was let off, however, with an admonition and a threat of "summary expulsion if he did not in future refrain from airing his too-advanced views." Less than ten years after he was called back to Harvard to expound under its auspices that for which he had almost suffered expulsion. The universities are conservative but give them time and they will get there.

Collier's for June 7 has a stirring talk to the girl graduates by Martha Keeler in which she reminds the "sweet girl graduates" that "college training never yet gave a girl gumpton and horse-sense, but having these qualities to start with, a college training may be invaluable in supplying a many sided stimulus, in fostering habits of mind." Notice the phrase, young ladies, "Habits of Mind!" Have you a habit of mind when you leave school? Perhaps that is the last thing acquired in college. Perhaps to most of you that will be a post-graduate achievement. Nothing is more easily and promptly forgotten than your diploma unless it is backed with a "Habit of mind." All other reminders of college life will play you false in the high tests and noble inspirations of the world.

"He restored to me the Bible which I had lost!" This was the memorable and touching tribute the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hall paid to his beloved teacher, Dr. Charles A. Briggs, when he was under the fire of the Theologians as a Presbyterian suspect, over twenty years ago. The battle resulted, as all heresy trials do, in a short range condemnation and a long range vindication. The heresy of Dr. Briggs twenty years ago is now fast becoming the orthodoxy of the Presbyterians of today. And now the good doctor's earthly account has been closed, and when history strikes the balance it will be found that Charles A. Briggs was a man of faith and contributed mightily to the cause of religion. He did much to save Presbyterianism from itself and to save its creeds from becoming

unrelenting fetters to the mind, and consequently a hobble to the spirit and a menace to faith. He was one of the many heroes of thought, a white-handed man of toil who served his day and generation in the study. He enriched homes and dignified lives through the class room and by means of the printing press.

Another twelve-year-old boy shoots another little sister seven years old with that ever menacing pistol which "he did not know was loaded." This item, found in the Monday morning papers of Chicago, is of a type so familiar that it scarcely creates a surprise. Why should we be so careful to protect life from the deadly poisons on the apothecary's shelf while we are so careless about the far more deadly bullet that is allowed to lie around loose most anywhere and available to the whim of passion or careless amusement. The fifty homicides by the careless pistol in Texas within one year led to the introduction of a bill in the Texas legislature last year, making the unauthorized ownership of a pistol of any description an act of felony, a prison crime. This probably did not become a law in that shooting zone, but it ought to be. The manufacture of firearms should at least become a governmental industry, an absolute monopoly, and to be found with any instrument of destruction unauthorized should be the sufficient ground for investigation and condemnation, such as now exists in the handling of a government rifle. When will we begin to abate the pistol by law; the deadly dragon-teeth from which the now horrible diversions of death, the wicked atrocities of war spring.

The announcement of the death of Emily W. Davison in England from fracture of the skull caused by her attempt to stop the King's horse in the Derby race, for the sake of the cause of Woman's Suffrage, is filled with unspeakable pathos. Is this the cause of martyrdom which so many suffragettes have not only expected, but apparently sought? Yea, verily, it is martyrdom, but has not the well meaning and nobly inspired sister fallen a martyr to the wrong method, a martyr to a false psychology, a martyr to misguided judgment, a martyr to the "zeal without judgment" that has brought so many ills into the world, postponing rather than advancing so many worthy causes. There should be the tenderest words of sympathy to the family and the cause thus bereaved, with hushed reverence in the presence of this death which represents a disinterested passion which no misdirection can rob of a sacred awe. May her untimely death reveal to her sisters the better way and the higher law. If Woman's Suffrage is one step towards the kingdom of heaven, as we believe it to be, its friends will do well to remember that "that kingdom cometh not with observation" and its prophets seek not the violence that becomes the rule of brawn, the reign of selfishness and aristorcracy, nor the democracy which the enfranchisement of women is to advance.

"The Social Service Committee" of the Episcopal Diocese of Maryland offered a report to the Convention of 1913 pithy, pregnant and to the point. It shows that this church in America is not an unworthy sister to the Church of England which contains so much aggressive and progressive radicalism, sociological and theological in these days. This committee reports that it conceives its primary duty to be to quicken and arouse public opinion and Christian sentiment in the "righting of social injustice" and the "advancing of social progress." "The Church," it said, "must become the conscience of the community." "It must put the old truth in a new setting," it must "not preach the Gospel merely as the story of a completed work, it must preach it as a vision of what is to be." Nor does this report content itself with generalities, it has clear, strong words to say concerning saloon iniquities, dance-hall dangers, the vice problem, race track gambling, and in the interest of the Social Democracy that must come. Concerning the saloon it says:

> There has been a steady and increasing crystallization of public sentiment regarding the necessity for more strenuous effort than in the past looking to speedy relief from this national curse. Potent in this have been reports coming from state-wide and city-wide vice investigation committees; all of which have pointed to the saloon as the greatest contributing agency to all forms of vice. Added to this is the growing tendency among physicians and boards of health to regard habitual drunkenness as a disease, the saloon as a center of infection, and the custom of licensing such places as a matter involving the public health. The attitude of the sociologist and economist is also coming to be more widely regarded as worthy of consideration with reference to this institution as the great source of national waste.
>
> Therefore, making every allowance for what may be said in excuse for the saloon as a working man's club (though surely, there is no call for so many "clubs" in close proximity) we recommend that this convention assert its belief that the ultimate complete elimination of the saloon as it now exists is a necessary step toward the cure of the drink evil. In particular we ask that it place itself on record as favoring such measures as will remove the saloon from the sphere of politics and municipal government, where its baneful influence has been the curse of city administration everywhere, and the fruitful source of civic corruption. The whole problem of the saloon is a moral and social problem, and it should be settled as such, divorced from poltics. But it cannot be settled in the absence of legislation permitting direct expression of the popular will. Therefore as a step towards its final settlement on this basis, we favor such legislation as will permit the whole matter of licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors to be settled by referendum to the citizens, whose interests are vitally concerned therewith.

The report concludes with these virile words, let them disturb the cobwebs and awaken the echoes in every church of every persuasion in the land, and this old world of ours will swing into the light more rapidly.

> Back of every economic and industrial question there lies usually a moral principle. The Church is the guardian of morals. Surely, therefore, it is incumbent upon the Church's members to concern themselves about the solution of public questions. Only so can the Christian fulfill more completely the obligation of the second great Gospel commandment, to love our neighbor as ourselves. Only so will he show, not that he is his brother's keeper, but that he is something better —his brother's *brother*.

The Maximum Wage

UNITY has large sympathy with the various commissions that are pushing their relentless inquiry into the legitimate conditions of life among wage earners, particularly women wage earners. There is a limit below which life cannot be decently sustained and the relentless law of competition, the "buy at the lowest and sell at the highest" maxim, must be interfered with by intelligent legislation framed by the enlightened conscience of the State. Professor Graham Taylor, who has taken a conservative view of the situation, has testified that statistics show that 12 per cent of the women who go wrong sexually, are driven to, or hastened in, their downward course through low wages. The minimum estimate, instead of provoking a sigh of relief, ought to call for a shudder. This figure presents a scandalous situation that ought to arouse philanthropists and legislators. Think of it! Twelve out of every hundred women driven to the wall by inadequate support! This menace to virtue represents business combinations that make prosperous, sleek, fat, indulgent workers at the other end of the industrial line. Here is an economic order that makes white slaves and prostitutes at the one end, millionaires at the other end.

We believe there is no direct connection between poverty and the lusts of the body. Nature, by the divine prodigality that characterizes her, has everywhere over-loaded the primal appetites lest her ends be defeated. But the low living, inadequate safeguards and the lack of social checks necessitated by low wages, do carry thousands upon thousands of young men as well as young women into the slippery paths that lead into treacherous surroundings. There is a point somewhere where the low wages of boys and girls render them ineligible to the helps of good society, the healthful influences and necessary protections of religious, social and intellectual safeguards.

But the question of minimum wage cannot be intelligently or righteously discussed without connecting it with the problem of maximum wage. The masters of industry, the exploiters of trade, promptly respond that they cannot do business with an increase of wages, which probably means that they cannot do business in such a way that the expected dividends on watered stock and the high salaries of those above be maintained. The reply is, why should business be continued at such an awful cost? Why should "business ability," the power to exploit human labor and the resources of nature in such a way as to make the millionaire so possible and the luxuries of those at the upper end of the industrial line so aggravating and distressing be encouraged and protected by law. Today we are discussing the *Minimum* Wage, tomorrow we will discuss the *Maximum* Wage and seek to find how much any man, by the exercise of his wit, and oftentimes the unearned increment in his situation and equipment, is entitled to.

The prosperity of society and the health of the individual in the long run are as much menaced, perhaps more, by the under-work and over-pay at the upper end than by the over-work and under-pay at the lower end. Idleness and the conventional tyrannies bred by the same, all luxuries are, to say the least, as great a menace to the State as poverty. A hard-working washerwoman has more to the give to the State in the way of descent than her indolent, luxurious and selfish employer. Grim as is the life of the working woman at its lowest, it is fraught with more helpfulness than the parasitic life of the women of ease and sumptuousness portrayed so scientifically in the three awful chapters in Olive Shriener's "Women and Labor," entitled "Parasitism." Karin Michaelis has contributed two articles in recent numbers of *Munsey* on "Why Women are Less Truthful than Men." And the articles are neither fanciful, humorous or pessimistic, but she finds in the countless conventions, the artificialities born out of dependency, the absence of the high responsibilities of citizenship and the sifting tests of the business world, an adequate explanation of the white lies, the social peccadillos, the ecclesiastical subserviencies that hamper so many women today. Much of this is born out of the over-pay that blights its recipients.

The law of the land will eventually find a system of progressive income tax that will transfer more and more of the growing private wealth into the resources of the commonwealth, and where legal enactment proves inadequate, an enlightened private conscience, a developed public sentiment, will step in and shame the man or men who assume the right to surfeit their own lives, blight and oftentimes curse their own children with the extravagancies and luxuries made possible by the under-feeding, the over-working and vile housing of mothers and fathers, of boys and girls in the industrial communities of which they are joint members.

BEFORE THE FIGHT

What comrade can forget that night in camp,
Before the wary foe that lay intrenched!
The rain descended in a flood that drenched
Our tents and blankets; just one broken lamp
Was marked at times, amid the enfolding damp,
And darkness deepened after it was quenched;
It was a fearful night; the bravest blenched,
Longing for home. We heard the ceaseless tramp
Of guards upon their rounds; one moaning tree
Made shelter on that stormy night for foes,
Till freshened winds, blowing from off the sea,
Through crimson gaps of sunrise softly rose,
And quivered beneath the far-heard reveille,
Bringing the day of long-remembered woes!

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FRANCIS DAVID

Pleading for Liberty and Toleration in Religion at the Diet of Torda, in 1568

By William C. Gannett

(Continued from last issue.)

To his now "received," but as yet all unorganized, faith. Was David the Luther to organize it? His own heart must have asked itself that question. Whatever it answered, he certainly had the prophet's consciousness. He believed that an apocalyptic "time of fulfilment" was at hand, and he felt himself a chosen instrument in the hand of God. The Reformation, he used to say, had been until now in outward things, working to destroy the walls of the corrupt Babylon, but now it had reached the heart of the questions of faith, when every man, even the simplest, might see the truth with his own eyes and acknowledge it openly. The next three years were stirring years for David and for Transylvania. The reform quickened almost to revolution. It was characteristic of the people and the time that they liked to debate the great new questions of religion in public tournaments, with appointed champions for each side and formal verdicts. David's oratory and skill in Scripture had already made him famous in these lists. In March, but two months after the Edict, a great disputation of this kind was held at the royal residence in the presence of Prince Sigismund and his court. It was the first public debate upon Unitarianism, and all Transylvania was listening. It was conducted in Latin, five disputants to a side, with four judges and four scribes,—David and Blandrata the leaders on the one side, Melius on the other; and it lasted ten days. At the end of the ten days the Unitarians had won complete victory. The Prince himself favored their doctrine; the nobles went home, this time not only its converts, but its apostles. As Luther had his Saxon Elector to help him, as England waited for signal from Henry VIII, so David had his Prince Sigismund. In every land of the Reformation the success or the failure of the reform turned much on the disposition and belief of the political ruler.

When the news of the victory reached Kolozsvár, the streets surged with exultant crowds. They halted the carriage that was bringing him home—the man who had twice been their bishop,—made him mount a large stone in the street, and begin at once to teach the new faith; and then, breaking into shouts, bore him off on their shoulders to the Church of St. Mark, there to continue the preaching. That pulpit stone is still kept as a sacred relic by the Unitarians of Kolozsvár. "This day," we are told, "the whole people of Kolozsvár became Unitarian." If the *whole*, it was only because loyal Lutherans, appalled at the apostasy, actually migrated—so we are told—rather than remain in the city so desecrated! The doctrine swept on like a flood through the towns. Within a few months over four hundred ministers had professed it, and David and his colleagues had sent forth twelve publications, some in Latin, some in Magyar, to explain and defend it,—eight of these written by David himself. And now for the third time he was made bishop: Lutheran, Calvinist, Unitarian bishop! Was ever another such bishop as he?

And what was the system of doctrine so winsome? That God was not three-fold, but One; that Jesus was the man in whom human and divine were blended as in no one before or since, one who had been specially endowed and sent by God to begin a new spiritual creation on earth,—a mission promised beforehand by the Old Testament prophets; and who, having worthily finished the work given him to do, had been raised by God to the glory of his right hand in heaven, there to abide, ever living and working, leading men's hearts to the new life by which they too can attain divine glory. The merits of Jesus consisted not in his saving death, but in his saving life. It was in vain to seek salvation in outer things: true faith in God the Father, and life according to the example and teaching of Jesus, were sufficient for happiness here and hereafter. The faith and the love were the two essentials,—nothing besides. Man is the birthright heir of the Kingdom of God, and the common people can enter equally with the highest into this heritage. Organization, ceremonies, practices of the Churches were of little account at the best; and those of the Church that had been, and that had so long shut out the people from their spiritual birthright, were now to give way. God, through his holy spirit within men, was finishing the work of his new creation. The period of wandering was past, the time of fulfilment had come. And the promise, guarantee and charter of all this was the Will of God revealed in the Word of God, the Holy Scripture.[7] This was the simple system, rock-based on the Bible, naively mechanical in its rationalism, democratic and ethical in its appeal, exalting things of character and things of the soul, with which, suddenly, and for a little while at least, David won the hearts of his countrymen.

But the controversy went bitterly on; and the next year another theological tournament was held, this time in Hungary, and in the vernacular, with nine disputants on each side. On the sixth day the Prince called it off: "We have tried," he said, "to care not only for the bodies of our people, but for their souls, to the end that they may increase in truth and free themselves from the wiles of the Anti-Christ. We have also wished to prove the falsity of the name by which we are called in foreign lands, as if we were Turks. But we see that the party opposed to us is only evading reply. You may come freely to our country whenever you will, without hindrance or hurt, to dispute: our preacher shall always be ready to meet you. But now, since you are but going around truth and giving no direct answer to the question in hand; we close the discussion, that we may go home and attend to other cares of the country." The good Prince, whether good umpire or not, was at this time still young, not yet thirty years old; a chivalric figure, brave, generous, kind-hearted, broad-minded, accomplished,—seen only in glimpses of history, but whenever seen, seen *edelweiss*. He, too, is a hero of ours who has never yet come to his own. Though he lived long enough to achieve little else, he built himself an enduring, if little known, monument in his Edict of Toleration,—a monument befitting the one Unitarian whom history shows on even a minor throne of Europe. As if to make liberty and toleration impregnable in his land, he took pains a few months before his death, now near at hand, to grant specific charters to the "four religions" allowed. "Had he only lived to be fifty," sighs the historian, "his new Church might have grown strong and unshakable!"

It was not to be; he died in 1571. The throne went first to the elder nephew seen in our picture, a liberal Catholic; and four years later, to the younger, an illiberal Catholic, who soon invited the Jesuits into the land. As they came in, good days went out for Unitarians. David, of course, was dismissed as court preacher; the printing-press given by Sigismund was taken away; freedom to publish was greatly limited; and a decree prohibited Unitarians from holding synods except in Kolozsvár and Torda. The glory of Unitarianism passed almost in the hour of its dawn! For a while the nobility clung to it; but with the mass it had been but a skin-deep conversion, as sweeping conversions are apt to be, and after a generation or two most of them were recalled, not only from it, but back to the original faith of their fathers. Again we see the people following their political rulers in their religion. For almost three centuries Unitarianism was an afflicted faith in the home of its birth. Schools were closed, churches were taken away, proselyting was made illegal; and when the Turkish overlords gave way at the end of the next century to Christians in the form of Austrian Hapsburgs, the blight and the trampling grew worse. Holding of public office was forbidden,—a stigma that cost the little body many of its better-off families. David's name became peril, and almost faded from speech. That the faith survived at all seems a miracle. Three things account for it,—that charter of Sigismund, the close weave of the church-organization, and the sturdy fiber of Szekler loyalty, humble farmers and miners. The French Revolution, with its wide-circling upheavals, brought the first relief; and the Revolution of 1848 brought more. A slow renaissance set in; old liberties were restored; schools, churches, publication, revived; relations with fellow-Unitarians in England and America were established. And today there seems to be a hearty respect and good-will in its home-land for the long-persecuted faith. In Poland, where it had also a bright beginning but secured no charter protection, and where it was more the faith of a cultured class, the full tragedy fell: the Jesuits stamped it out ruthlessly, and by 1660 the banished Unitarians were wandering, unwelcomed fugitives, over the face of Protestant Europe.

To finish the story of David. A certain John Sommer had come to Kolozsvár to teach in the college,—a bold thinker like David; and the two brother-minds found their way onward together. The Unitarians of Transylvania, like their more learned brethren in Poland, while no longer holding Christ to be God, were accustomed to address him in prayer,—somewhat as Catholics "worship" the virgin. A year or so after the friendly Prince died, David and Sommer reached the conclusion that such invocation of Christ had no warrant in Scripture. As Scripture set the horizon to truth and to discern truth in the Scripture brought obligation to David to publish it, he began in his sermons to teach the radicalism that prayer should be addressed solely to God, not to Christ. This was his

7. This is summarized from an address by Prof. Boros, who has written a book on "The Theology of Francis David in 1567." David was so literal in his loyalty to the Bible that, because he could not find them authorized in Scripture, he gave up child-baptism and cleared his Unitarian churches of organs! Organs were only re-introduced in the nineteenth century.

new and his final position,—the fifth. Whether important or unimportant, it certainly seems logical. At any rate, it made Unitarianism seem so concrete and "Judaizing" that it became more offensive than ever. Blandrata, who had had so much to do with the swift dawn of the faith and with the fame of its prophet, —Blandrata had once inclined to this logic himself. But that was in safer time; now he called it "innovation," and denounced it. David and his friends would fain have defended the position; but print was forbidden them. At a Diet in 1573 it was decreed that "innovators," that is, those who went beyond the legalized doctrines, should be excommunicated. Plainly the famous Edict of five years before had rims! But *did* withholding invocation from Christ constitute "innovation in doctrine?" That was open to doubt; so the preacher kept on with his preaching. Then Blandrata tried to undermine his support within the Kolozsvár congregation. But this was a difficult matter,—the people so loved their irreproachable bishop, and he was so great a power in the land. Five years thus went by in ill-smothered dissension. David was now growing old. The gentle-faced boy of our picture, the Jesuit-lover, had by this time come to the throne, and was growing impatient. Something must be done, and at once, or, as the courtier-physician saw, the whole *status quo* was in danger,—to say nothing of his own favor at court and its possible future.

But he would first try conversion. Faustus Socinus, now in mid-life and devoting himself to theology, was at this time living and holding Christologic debates in Switzerland. Blandrata called him to his aid, and quartered him several months in David's own house, paying the board-bill. Month in and month out the two disputed, at the end each finding in the New Testament texts just about what he found there when he began. Then Blandrata threatened: "Change your opinion you must, or the next Diet shall bring condemnation and sentence." David offered to refer the question to a committee of ministers. The committee met, and circumspectly advised that it be referred to a synod; and this was agreed to by both. Blandrata soon further urged that both parties first submit statements in writing to the Polish Unitarians, supposedly wiser in Scripture than themselves, and that, with their opinion in hand, the synod should decide,—the preacher meanwhile to hold his peace on the point in dispute. David, already a sick man, agreed also to this, prepared his brief, and gave a copy to Socinus: "Behold, my Faustus, the writing is here; now answer it squarely without evasion from the clear words of God." Socinus and Blandrata together prepared theirs; and the two documents went northwards to Poland. David waited.

Probably the Jesuits were pushing the Prince, the Prince pushing the physician; for suddenly—no word yet come from Poland—a synod was summoned, the summons containing plain hint that ministers must vote with Blandrata or lose their positions. Some, perhaps many, sincerely differed from David, and this intimation settled the business for others; so the desired resolutions were secured. Among other charges was one that David had said, as doubtless he had, that to invoke Christ was the same as invoking dead saints. This last was too much for Prince Bathory, who decided to finish the matter forthwith, and entrusted it to Blandrata. "Henceforth we are to be enemies!" was the word Blandrata sent to the preacher, and orders were dispatched to the mayor of Kolozsvár to put him under arrest. David's son-in-law, Trauzner by name, happened to be the secretary of the city, and saw the order. With sad heart he went to tell David. He found him sick in bed, with Socinus at the bedside talking with him as a friend,—and the young man's wrath broke loose. But David stopped him: "This is what I have been expecting; but now"—turning to Socinus—"go, leave my house, and finish the work you have begun."[8] It was Saturday, and the mayor had not yet taken action. One Sunday of freedom remained. Trauzner urged David, if possible, to preach once more to his people, tell all that had happened, and that he was to be put in prison. David hesitated, but yielded and preached. One prediction has been remembered from that last sermon of his: "Whatever the world may say now, the time will come when all men will know that God is but One." The next day the Town-Council sent a deputation to the palace, entreating suspension of sentence, the nobles offering to become security for their beloved bishop. But the Prince had heard of that sermon, and ordered him under still stricter guard until the formal trial should take place.

Again a synod assembled at Torda. It was the end of April, 1579. Kolozsvár sent ten deputies to it, and with them was carried David, their bishop, sick and a prisoner. His people had not given up hope. Petitions, presents, noblemen went to the Prince. The stronger ministers and leaders all over the country showed that their sympathies were really with David. Nothing availed: Prince and physician were obdurate. David sent word to his friends: "Let no tumult be made in my behalf. I am ready to bear anything for the truth I confess. If anyone will show me something more correct out of the Scriptures, I am ready to give up my opinions." At the last moment the Prince, yielding a little to the general grief and exasperation, decided to postpone the sessions to June, meanwhile committing David to the tender mercies of Blandrata, who, increasing his guard, dragged him back to Kolozsvár, and allowed only his daughter and doctor to see him during the interval. When June came, he could hardly move hand or foot, and, as they bore him again from his home to the carriage, his last words were, "Goodbye, ye shall see me no more."

The trial began, this time in the town where the Prince himself lived. The Chancellor explained that imprisonment was necessary, because David insisted on preaching forbidden doctrines. Bandrata followed: Years before, he said, he had warned David to avoid innovations,—now he, Blandrata, must defend the Church. David wished to reply in person, but the Prince silenced him,—"You have already spoken blasphemy enough!" and the son-in-law was bidden to act as spokesman in his behalf. "Is it true," asked the Prince, "that you said in your sermons that Christ is not be worshipped?"—"It is true.

8. Socinus left the city before the trial began. Years after all was over, he wrote a long defence of his course in his dealings with David, and, so far as himself was concerned, made out a good case. "I neither consented to any more severe measure against Francis, nor knew of any other design of Blandrata and the brethren in this transaction, than that Blandrata himself would take care that the Prince should command Francis to be suspended until a general synod should, as had been agreed upon, put an end to this controversy concerning the invocation of Christ. To this I call God to witness."

I have preached that worship which is not commanded by the Word of God cannot be pleasing to him; the worship of Christ is nowhere commanded in Scripture; therefore it cannot please God." Blandrata: "Yes, you have become Judaizers." David: "Sir, Doctor, you also were of the same opinion a few years ago. Blandrata protested: Never had he held the opinion; or, if ever by chance he had happened to speak in such way, here and now he retracted his words,—and he recommended David to do likewise. "Never will he do that!" cried Trauzner indignantly; "only a man of straw retracts, unconvinced, the words he has spoken." That night in his prison David again counselled his friends not to stir up excitement over his case, but to let come what might: "The world would yet understand that none but God should be worshipped."

The next day by six in the morning the trial was on again. David was willing to wait, as Blandrata first wished, for the answer from Poland; but the fiery young son-in-law objected: "The Hungarian churches are free, and responsible only to their own nobility, not to another land's." David was then taken out of the council-room, and the consultation and voting began. It took two hours. Blandrata, and twenty-five with him, repudiated David's innovation." It is said that only one minister, but all the Unitarian nobility, stood on David's side. Last spoke the Prince and his Chancellor,—"It is blasphemy." David was brought back to the room to receive sentence. Blandrata, approaching, gave him a Judas embrace, saying, "Fear not,—I shall ask pardon from the Prince for you."[9] The ministers who came from Hungary—it is to be hoped, they alone, not the old comrades in the Transylvanian churches—demanded that the Prince punish David to serve as warning against "innovations." And the Prince pronounced sentence,—"Imprisonment for life, or until further order."

The old man was taken back to his cell in the town, kept there for three days, and then sent to the dungeon of the castle of Deva, a little hill-town well in the south of the land. No relative, no friend, was allowed near him: only a servant, who made his last days in the dungeon a little easier. In less than five months death released his brave spirit: November 15, 1579.

It is said that he wrote certain lines in Latin on the walls of his dungeon. Even if they be but the words that some reverent disciple wrote in his name, a few belong here. They begin:

"Twice ten years I have loyally served my country,
And to my Prince my fidelity oft hath been proven.
Ask you my crime that the fatherland hates so?
This alone is it: One God, not three, have I worshipped."

And the lines close:

"Lightnings, nor cross, nor sword of the Pope, nor Death's visiblest face,
No power whatever, can stay the progress of Truth!
What I have felt I have written; with faithful heart I have spoken:
After my death the dogmas of untruth shall fall!"

David's sepulchre no man knoweth. Three years ago pilgrims from Hungary, Germany, England, America—sixty-two from America alone—gathered at little Deva, and climbed the hill to the ruined castle, to dedicate a stone and a tablet to his memory. Buda-Pesth, Kolozsvár, and Deva itself welcomed the pilgrims with music, processions, addresses,—Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, all taking part. On the stone are graven these words in Hungarian:

"For his religious convictions, in this castle suffered a martyr's death the great reformer, Francis David, the founder of the Hungarian Unitarian Churches. In 1910 this token of remembrance was placed here by the Chief Consistory of the Hungarian Unitarian Churches, the inheritors of his spirit, on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth."

In his memorial address the beloved Bishop Ferencz, present successor of David, said: "To the spirit of Francis David, unfaltering and uncompromising in the search for truth, we dedicate this stone. This is the main source of our reverence for him,—his spirit of dauntless truth-seeking; this, and not any specific truth revealed by him and accepted by us. All such verities are likely to be surpassed by a future generation, even as we have ourselves transcended articles of faith that were an integral part of his teaching."

Not his truth, but his quest; not his faith, but his spirit! There spoke the true inheritor of his spirit. We, too, are inheritors of it. And with his own countrymen, but in far greater measure than they, we have inherited the fruits of that spirit, the happy results of the principle for which he suffered and died. When comes, by and by, the right moment for the better memorial to be raised,—a chapel at Deva, a statue at Kolozsvár,—should not the Unitarians of America and those of England join hands with the Church in his own land, to honor the reformer, hero and martyr, who, at Torda, in 1568, made the great plea for liberty and toleration in religion?

9. Blandrata got his "thirty pieces of silver;" the Prince gave him estates, and he grew very rich. He did not hang himself, but was strangled by his nephew and heir in a hurry to get what was coming. In place of the imprisoned David he had promptly secured as bishop a conservative man, by whom the invocation of Christ and child-baptism were re-established as Unitarian customs. After that he gave little sign of interest in his old faith. The Jesuits were satisfied with him, and it is said that he finally returned to the Roman Catholic Church. There is no need to think of him, or of all those condemning ministers, as insincere in their doctrinal difference with David. Such differences were of major importance in those days. Socinus was no hypocrite and no coward. David's new denial *was* an innovation; and the Unitarian Church *was* doubtless "safer" in the old worship of Jesus. The sentence could hardly have been a surprise to Blandrata, as it was Socinus; but he may have *meant* his "Fear not," and, had David lived, might have interceded for his release. At his best, Blandrata is a type of the reformer who, when young, has vision, and courage to match it, but who cannot endure a radicalism that outruns his own. Add the temptation that comes with repute and position and wealth, and the peril of losing them all, and we have the failure, the coward, the truckler, the persecutor,—we have a "Blandrata."

WEEDS

Poor, homely, unloved things beside the way,
That strive in voiceless ignominy, still
Undaunted though downtrodden, to fulfil
Your appointed purpose! Patient the long day
Ye take the buffetings of scornful clay,
Sustained by that small portion of God's dew
Which thick-strewn dust permits to fall on you,
And live where finer herbs must wilt away.
Have ye, too, dreams of better things to be:
Of worlds in which the crooked shall be straight,
Where all that are in bondage shall be free
And lifted up all those of low estate;
Where, to the thought that knows the potent seeds,
Weeds shall be e'en as flowers, flowers as weeds?

—*Herbert Carruth.*

Recently a Denver school girl was instructed to write an essay on "Man." The essay began in this wise: "Man is the person that woman marries. Man sprang from monkeys; so did woman, but she sprang a good deal farther."—*Exchange.*

The Free Religious Association

The Free Religious Association of America was founded in 1867 as a protest against narrowness in the interpretation of religion. Its first recorded member was Ralph Waldo Emerson. Among its Presidents, Vice-Presidents and Directors have been Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Julia Ward Howe, George William Curtis, Lucretia Mott, Moncure D. Conway, Isaac M. Wise, Octavius Brooks Frothingham, Frederick Douglass, Frank Sanborn, Edwin D. Mead, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and many others of America's leaders in thought, lovers of Freedom, and believers in Man.

The association held its forty-sixth annual convention and festival in Boston, May 22 and 23. The President now is Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. D. The following paragraphs are portions of the annual report of the present secretary, James H. West, who spoke only in his individual capacity. After reviewing the work of the year, Mr. West continued:

Though far too small in comparison with what it should be, the paying membership of the association is at present somewhat increased over recent years. The outlook for our association, under persistent effort, would thus seem, all things considered, to be still hopeful and encouraging. Without question there is room for our free platform, and for our fraternal spirit, among the many sects and societies devoted to religious thought and purpose in the United States. We may face the future, "with unabated courage and confidence." And we certainly are still needed in the world.

Whether we any longer *deserve* to live—under the test, "By their fruits ye shall know them"—is another story, and depends wholly, perhaps, upon whether our attitude and spirit are still the attitude and spirit of the founders and early prophets of the association. Observe that I speak not of their thoughts and their methods of action,—we cannot go back to those. I speak of their attitude, their spirit. During the forty years and more since their day,—a period during the lapse of which the world has met larger knowledge of the real conditions under which it exists than it ever before met during the passage of thousands of years, together with vision of future incalculable material and spiritual advance,—the thoughts of men have indeed been widened with the process of the suns, and their methods of attempted action should be vastly loftier and farther reaching because the real needs of Man are now clearer seen. But the attitude of those men and women—their spirit—was for all time.

Numerous religious denominations now bring to their platforms speakers from other denominations. If this Association was the first to attempt such fraternal co-operation in behalf of world-sympathy in religion, the work is now seized upon by many others. But even a greater work than this was the aim of this Association's founders and early prophets. For this cause came they into the world; that they might bear witness to *the truth;*—to be a cry in the wilderness; to voice the call of the discoverer—

"Pioneers! O pioneers""—

to spy out and subdue new country for the fulfilling of the new human needs and aspirations that evermore arise. They were not birthed in agony to be content simply to "merge" themselves—that is, sub-merege themselves—in the work of societies whose tendency, if not whose aim, is to forget world-duties and thought-duties in the sinking of possible vital differences for the sake of fraternal self-gratulation. The Free Religious Association came into the world not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give its life a ransom for many. It came not to cry, "Peace, peace," when there is and can be no peace till the conditions of peace are first provided. In its inception it might have been the originator of a phrase once meaningful in a large and gracious sense, but now more and more sinking into innocuous desuetude through compliance and softness. I refer to the hard saying, the fine meaning of which is now seldom considered (you will recall who is reported first to have used it, and how and why): "I came not to bring peace on earth, but a sword." That was the origin of this Association!

"For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of battle;
We reach out upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,—
Pioneers! O pioneers!"

Is "compliance," "compromise," too much the common tendency today? In all departments of religious life and endeavor, is the gathering of the clans together largely of "those who already think as we do,," or very nearly as we do? Is there the belittling of this or that essential variance, "in order that we may combine?"—the patting of each other on the back and pretending that white is not so very white, and black not particularly black, or at least not sufficiently white or black to contend for a difference?—while virtually a new universe today cries to us to fit Man to it, that he may inherit and enjoy and go forth conquering and to conquer!—with only a handful, a few men and women here and there, taking any notice?

Of course I am not directly saying that this is the tendency of our own Association among the others! I am simply remarking the tendency, and leaving it for your consideration. You will recall that when slavery was at last announced as abolished in this country, the long-strenuous Abolitionists, relieved from their incalculable toils and sacrifices, held a jubilation meeting. All was now accomplished. They might disband, and depart every man in peace to his own vine and fig-tree! But when it came Wendell Phillips' turn to speak, he threw as it were—and all unconsciously, such was his nature—a true reformer's bomb into their placid midst. "Slavery being done away with, what is the next great waiting human need," he cried, "to which tomorrow morning we shall begin to devote our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor!"

The soldier of mankind is never mustered out.

"Bliss was it that dawn to be alive,
And to be young was very heaven."

Are we indeed to congratulate ourselves today, fellow-members of the Free Religious Association, because now and then it seems that a portion of what, during many years, we yearned and agonized for has been accomplished? Is that being worthy of this Association's sublime heritage? In a special connection Paul wrote: "Ye have not so learned Christ." Paraphrasing this declaration to fit it here: If any spirit of self-gratulation is indeed ours, under any apprehension

that our work is done, we have not so learned Octavius Frothingham. We have not so learned William J. Potter. We have not so learned Wendell Phillips nor Frank Abbott nor William Lloyd Garrison nor Lucretia Mott nor Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It is the example of all these, and of a host like them, that is this Association's real heritage—and the criterion of our worth. May we not indeed wonder, then, how it comes about that today we seem to be, to some extent, in public favor? Were the men and women of our earlier years ever in public favor?

Can it be that we are beginning to be loved because we no longer stand valiantly for anything really vital —for anything that everybody else does not now also stand for? Rather than to be in comparative ecclesiastical favor, were it not seemlier, from our lineage, that Boston air, after our meetings, should echo again to the cry "Fanatics!" Certainly during recent years our conventions have been very moderate in their affirmations. There has been no occasion for prayer-meetings, in Park Street Church or elsewhere, as in the case of Theodore Parker, to beseech God to put a hook in our jaws. I can, however, conceive that such a thing might again be;—because, after all, human conservatism hasn't changed so much as we think it has. Strike in the right place, and see. Only a few weeks ago, this very spring, public meetings were held here in Boston, not a stone's throw from where Parker was pilloried, sending the foremost man of all this era, President Charles W. Eliot, to hell for questioning the actuality of such a place even for its orthodox inventors. The call today, however, is not to lay lance in rest and charge eschatological or any other kind of metaphysical mills. The call is for something more important than that. And do not misunderstand me to imply in the least that there would be virtue in the mere fact of arousing opposition. I am simply inquiring whether the fact that we are no longer meeting opposition in any quarter may not possibly be because, as an Association, we are no longer lighting in the sacred hall of Man any little candle of far-shining beams, at which non-progressive men must puff. Invariably, when a light glows which pierces into secret places of evil and ignorance and oppression, men cry out against it. Are there no such places left? Toward the close of Edmond Rostand's play of "Chanticleer," the Herald of the Dawn affirms: "The proof that I served the cause of light when I sang is that the Owls (who love darkness) are glad of my silence."

We certainly are still needed in the world, I said. For instance: notwithstanding all of mankind's boasted mighty advance in actual knowledge of the universe during the forty-six years of this association's existence, and notwithstanding all the large increase in ecclesiastical "fellowship" which today abounds within limited thought-horizons, what church or form of religion today really recognizes, much less emphasizes, the actual relation in which we now know that Man stands to the universe? Here would be a great work for us, if we sought a great work,—and one which, being a turning on of light, might unfortunately bring with it again, for us, light's constant accompaniments, the cry of fear and the flinging of anathemas. Nevertheless, we might set forth the truth!—in order that Man perchance might begin to conform himself to the truth; in order that he might begin to conform himself better to the facts of Nature and to the real means for human blessedness.

"Now, Wendell, don't shilly-shally!" was the bidding of Mrs. Phillips from her sick bed, to her husband as he was going forth for one of his great messages. Do any of us know a single religious denomination, even yet, that does not shuffle, hedge, "shilly-shally," when it is brought to what at any time seems a vital parting of the ways—or even a very simple one, often? Individual men here and there indeed stand out,—free,—but the incorporated bodies are corporeal indeed. Who shall deliver us from this body of death! In the bright lexicon of the religious Pathfinder and Roadmaker—the religious jungle-cleaver—there is no such word as "expediency." A thing is either right or wrong, good or bad, up or down, white or black, and so help him Man he can no otherwise.

While Nature's crudeness, and her utter carelessness of Man, call for larger and larger subduing, or at least curbing, as Man shall increase his wisdom and his investigation and his invention and his will,—no power but that of Man himself ever entering into the subduing or curbing; while Nature's intrinsic rude bounty, both of possible finer intellect and virtue, and of material blessing for every child of earth, calls for wise recognition and upgathering, and for a nearer righteous and more impartial distribution; while the religion of human good through wiser and farther-reaching social organization coupled with lofty individual human endeavor, still today waits downcast because still the religion of affirmed though never realized special Providence and of old tradition continues dominant above it—we can say only, if we think our work is done, or if any spirit of self-gratulations is ours, not "He that sitteth in the heavens," but he that standeth on the earth, "shall laugh!"

In order that these remarks may not remain indefinite, but have a special and practical significance, I must take a few minutes more, in which to set forth in some vivid way, if I can, what surely might come to pass in the world.

(*To be continued in second instalment.*)

THE PIONEERS.

We're the men that always march a bit before
    Tho we cannot tell the reason for the same;
We're the fools that pick the lock that holds the door—
    Play and lose and pay the candle for the game.
There's no blaze nor trail nor roadway where we go;
    There's no painted post to point the right-of-way,
But we swing our sweat-grained helves and we chop a path ourselves
    To Tomorrow from the land of Yesterday.

It's infrequent that we're popular at home,
    (Like King David we're not built for tending sheep,)
And we scoff at living à la metronome,
    And quite commonly we're cynical and cheap.
True—we cannot hold a job to save our lives:
    We're a dreamy lot and steady work's a bore—
Till the luring of the Quest routs us out from sleep and rest
    And we rope and tie the world and call for more.

Well, they try to hold us back by foolish words—
    But we go ahead and do the thing we've planned;
Then they drive us out to shelter with the birds—
    And the ravens bring out breakfast to our hand.
So they jail us and we lecture to the guards;
    They beat us—we make sermons of their whips;

They feed us melted lead and behold the Word is said
That shall burn upon a million living lips.

Are we fighters? . . By our fellows we are fanged.
Are we workers? . . . Paid with blows we never earned.
Are we doctors? . . . Other doctors see us hanged.
Are we teachers? . . . Brother teachers have us burned.
But through all a Something somehow holds us fast
'Spite of every beast-hung brake and steaming fen;
And we keep the torch on high till a comrade passes by
When we pass it on and die—and live again!

The Coming Nation. —*Horatio Winslow.*

Two Mothers in Israel

What a poignant pang we experience when we learn that one we loved has suddenly passed from this life—passed from our chance greeting and exchange of smile and hand clasp! Such an experience came to us this morning as we entered the church for the service dedicated to mothers, when the news met us that two of our own "Mothers in Israel" had gone to the Beyond—Mrs. Dupee and Mrs. Mulvane.

The former has not been actively with us of late years on account of advanced age and removal to suburban life; but in former years she was a constant attendant and loyal, generous supporter of the many interests of All Souls, and her memory has been and will remain a tender, precious one. Not many of the present congregation knew her, for her halo of ninety-two years has recently kept her house-bound. But one's spirit—thank God—can never be bound, and so her spirit often communed with ours in these later years and its beneficence blessed us through the intervening space.

One by one "the old guard" drop out—but they still speak to us.

How like a modest white violet was our dear Mrs. Mulvane. Always regular and prompt in attendance at all our services, but so very shy and quiet she would never have been discovered but for the sweet, subtle perfume of her character.

While chairman of our Missionary Section I once referred to two members of our congregation whose names constituted my "roll of honor," as they "never waited for an appeal for their annual subscription, but early in the fall *sent* me their usual generous offering."

Mrs. Mulvane was one of these two; the other still walks with us, a gentle, beneficent soul whose many kindly deeds are known to but few.

The great Italian poet, you remember, in one of his visions entered a garden where among the most fragrant flowers he found those whose lives on earth had been distinguished only as simple, quiet folk who had merely "done the duty nearest" each uneventful day of their earthly lives. The fragrance of their unknown lives had transformed them into the most fragrant flowers of this garden, she whose life had been most unobtrusive being a white rose whose odor permeated the whole garden,—just the sweetness of her being proclaiming her presence.

So it was with our dear Mrs. Mulvane, whose quiet, serenely sweet life touched ours for a season—all too brief—but whose fragrance penetrated to the outermost circle of our church life and will grow sweeter with all time.

MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

The Study Table

Our Best Magazines

Country Gentleman has gradually found itself out, under the new dispensation of the *Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia.* It has all over it the earmarks of plenty of cash to work with, and editorial independence. It has undergone one or two editorial changes, and so far as we know is all the stronger.

Farm and Home of Springfield, Mass., always carries New England flavor, although it has western and southern editions. It is peculiarly marked for its editorial sharpness, I should say a little more, its editorial breadth and grip, not only on agricultural matters, but on all matters that pertain to the welfare of the farmer—which is all social, political and religious questions. Just where you will let the farmer out is hard to say.

I wish that the more scholarly branch of our readers, especially our teachers, would not omit *Science* from its list of weekly visitors. The last number gives us a very important article on the gypsy and brown-tail moths. Look out for these pests, and get posted ahead of time. There has been a good deal in *Science* lately about the origin of life, and its possibility as a chemical evolution of the present day.

I suppose that nearly all my western readers have on their list *Technical World Magazine.* This is a splendid success, in the way of keeping the people posted as to what is being discovered and invented and promoted. Get into relation with these things, and stay there.

Bird Lore has been published by *Appleton* until there are now something like fourteen or fifteen volumes. Every number would help to strengthen virtue and manhood in your boys, and give delight to your girls. It is truly a good thing.

I suppose that *Open Court* is very familiar to my readers, but if not, you will find out from the March number what Paul Carus has succeeded in making right at your doors. It is very rich scholarship.

I do not know how it has come about that our old national society, The Geographic, should have been able to develop and publish such a superb affair as *The National Geographic Magazine.* My impression is that you would do nothing better to rid yourselves of a load of insignificant trash, than to let this magazine displace a lot of what we call "popular magazines." It is a good thing that most of these monthly affairs are hard up, and will have to go under shortly. A few of them have been able from time to time to get into the saddle of some political or social excitement, but they have nearly worn out their saddles.

The Independent has pretty nearly solved the problems that bothered a change of administration, and I think will settle down with most of its old-time adherents, largely increased by the wide-awake spirit recently injected. Hamilton Holt is now master-in-chief, and it is the same Hamilton Holt who has become world famous for his work in behalf of universal peace. He has a noble band of coadjutors.

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

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MARSHALL TALKS AGAIN

William H. Watts, writing in the *Christian Socialist* of May 15, under the above caption, quotes Vice-President Marshall in a recent utterance before the National Democratic Club, New York, as follows:

"Not what we are nor what we stand for, but what we can make has come to be the measure of governmental duty and individual conduct. And yet, despite this theory of life, Karl Marx and hunger and a longing for happiness are abroad in the land. They are sitting as unknown guests at every frugal meal. They are perturbing the waking hours and coloring the dreams of millions of Americans who, after all, have the right to say what shall or shall not be.

"The desire of the people is for greater equality of opportunity and enjoyment. More and more men are coming to the belief that Socialism alone will open up and guaratnee this equality.

"Have backward looking and inward looking men ever stopped to consider what might happen to them here in the great state of New York if those who have not, should take it into their heads to make common cause against those who have? They talk about vested rights and in their talks assume they have both a ninherent and constitutional right to pass their property down from generation to generation until some reckless descendant shall have dissipated it.

"Suppose a governor and a general assembly in the state of New York should repeal the statute of descents for real and personal property and the statute with reference to the making of wills, on their death how much vested interest would any relative have in the property which fell from their nerveless hands at the hour of dissolution?

"The belief that there is an unequal distribution of wealth in this country has been supplemented by the belief that much of it has been obtained through special privilege, that it did not come by labor, skill, industry, barter or trade, but through watered stocks and bonds, through corners on commodities, through corruption of legislatures, through the sale of impure food stuffs, through wrecking railroads, through all the devices known to man whereby the law is not abrogated but chloroformed."

MOVEMENTS TO PROMOTE WAR

Professor Theodore S. Woolsey, of Yale, in an article in the *Yale Review*, gives the following table to show the increases in naval and military budgets of six of the leading world-powers:

	1890.		1910.
Germany—			
Army	$155,000,000	Army	$203,000,000
Navy	22,000,000	Navy	110,000,000
Russia—			
Army	$116,000,000	Army	$240,000,000
Navy	19,500,000	Navy	45,000,000
France—			
Army	$140,000,000	Army	$165,000,000
Navy	40,000,000	Navy	68,000,000
Great Britain—			
Army	$86,000,000	Army	$137,000,000
Navy	68,000,000	Navy	175,000,000
Japan—			
Army	$6,000,000	Army	$55,000,000
Navy	3,000,000	Navy	19,000,000

Professor Woolsey is not one of those who profess to see in vast armaments a nation's best security for peace. He regards the movement for increase of armaments and the movement in behalf of peaceful settlement of international disputes as antagonistic. Increase of naval and military power has not, he says, in point of fact, prevented war either in the case of big or little powers. "Within seventeen years we have seen six wars and at least two military revolutions, excluding South and Central America." The movement to promote war, in Europe at least, is "at least as strong" as that to promote peace. Are we not forced to conclude, asks the Professor, that nations will continue to fight as long as they continue to arm themselves; in other words, "that disarmament must precede arbitration in order to bring about universal peace"?

What hope is there, then, of disarmament? The Professor speaks cautiously, but he seems to find a gleam of hope in considering the social and economic rather than the political and military factors of the problem. The "democratization of political societies" is the most striking feature of our time. In

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a dozen ways the laboring classes, as they wrest control from the aristocratic and commercial classes, are legislating for class benefits, such as old-age pensions, accident insurance, etc. Here, then, we see a double attack upon the income of the state—that from militarism and that from labor. When the time comes, as it may, that there is not money enough to meet both demands, the common people "will choose its own benefit and throw militarism overboard." This is the more likely since class distinctions are more and more cutting across racial and national distinctions. "Hence it is not inconceivable that the same dominant workingmen faced in several countries by the same problem, should resolve to solve it in the same way, and begin in unison, perhaps proportionately, to curtail military expenditure. The process once begun, a gradual reduction to such force as is needed for the sake of the public order would not be difficult." Along this line Professor Woolsey thinks the coming of disarmament is possible, forced by the revolt of the classes against the burdens imposed by the huge cost of militarism.—*Current Opinion.*

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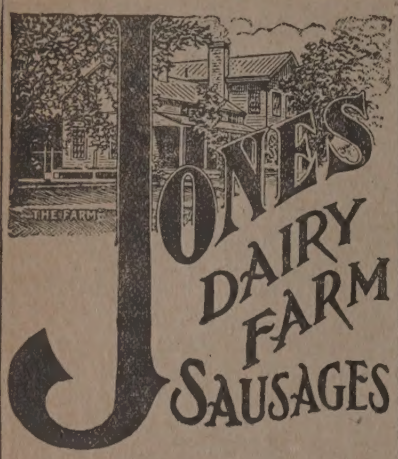

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